The Wellesley Prelude.

VOLUME II.—No. 30.

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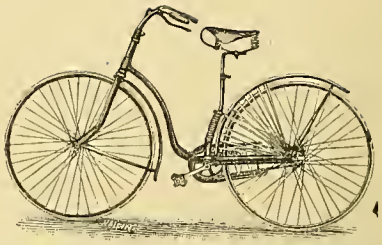

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THE WELLESLEY PRELUDE.

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THE assignment of the rooms for next year has been accomplished with little friction and excitement, and at the same time with general satisfaction. The new system of drawing by lot is so absolutely fair that no blame can possibly attach to anyone, and the inevitable character of the decision makes it accepted at once with no comment. By this system, all are on exactly the same basis, no exceptions being made, beside those suggested by the resident physicians and by the matrons of the cottages, each of whom has the privilege of chosing two of the students who are to form her household for the coming year. Students who have lived in one of the cottages, either Wood, Freeman, Norumbega or Simpson, can draw for places in College Hall or Stone Hall only; others have the choice of any building except Waban. Choice is made by Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores and Specials in order. The proportions of classes in the cottages are one-half Seniors, one-quarter Juniors, and one-quarter Sophomores. For next year so large a number of Seniors have chosen Stone Hall, many choosing in preference to the cottages, that its precedence in the popular favor, is unquestioned. The small proportion of upper-class girls in College Hall grows still smaller each year, and the system of choice of rooms but shows the tendency more plainly. The new plan of assigning rooms seems a good one, causing less trouble and more satisfaction than the old method.

This year Tree Day, June 5, the Float, June 13, the Junior Garden Party, June 18, follow each other very closely. This seems to be a satisfactory arrangement of the dates for all concerned. It is most convenient for the students, whose work is lessened in June; it enables more of the Alumnæ to enjoy all three festal days; and it makes the visit of guests from a distance more easily provided with entertainment. Float is always especially interesting to guests, and it is a great advantage that Float and the Garden Party are so little separated in time from Commencement that a visit of ten days will include all three occasions, which are essentially different from each other in character, representing each a distinct phase of College-life.

College Songs are not often enough heard among us. As a body of students we do not make use of our privilege of gathering together and joining in the jolly College Songs, most appropriate sounds to echo from the College walls. Singing College Songs together on the Campus after dinner would not only be a pleasure and relief but an absolute gain to college enthusiasm. Whatever draws us closer to our Alma Mater is too important to be overlooked; and, on the other hand, whatever

simple and hearty enjoyment is distinctively collegiate, is too valuable to be allowed to escape its proper uses. In the older days of the College, in '79 and '80, the students sang together often. The crews, practicing in the evening after dinner, regularly drew up together on the lake after practice for a sing. The disappearance of this custom is to be regretted. The College has advanced with league strides in some directions, but this particular point makes one long for "the good old days of yore." Just once this year College Songs were sung in the gymnasium, and the evening was generally voted a success. The warm weather offers a pleasant opportunity for singing out of doors instead of the usual after-dinner promenade. And perhaps College Songs on the Campus would be an acceptable substitute for the regulation Tree Day reception.

The practice, which has of late become noticeably prevalent among many of the students, of going to a lecture with the previous intention of staying only ten or fifteen minutes, just to sample the lecturer and his treatment of his subject, as it were, unfortunately has its disadvantages. For while, on one hand, it is very convenient for the busy student, who must spend most of the evening in study, or for the gay student who cannot afford to spend all her recreation time in such obvious self-improvement,—while it is convenient for these students to get an idea of the lecturer's appearance and style, with an expenditure of only a few moment's time, and the unpleasantness caused by walking out from a seat quite near the front is really small when one's mind is made up to it,—still, these advantages to a few are somewhat overbalanced by the annoyance of the remainder of the audience, who find it difficult to fix their attention, and of the lecturer, to whom the discourtesy must sometimes seem incredible. Even in the case of so popular a lecture as Mr. Stepniak's, the disturbance was noticeable. We should regard a reputation for discourtesy toward our lecturers as extremely unfortunate, and such an event would be largely avoided if those, who can hear only a part of the lecture, would considerately endure a little discomfort themselves, by sitting in the back of the gallery during that short time when their presence in the Chapel is possible.

Nominally, Wellesley does not favor her graduating class with a Senior vacation; but practically the present arrangement amounts to the same thing. Although three weeks are not definitely set apart by dates and named the Senior Vacation, which is the prevailing college custom, yet the Senior has almost no work to do after June 5. All the numerous theses and papers of various sorts are due the week ending June 6 at the latest, and since these papers take the place of examinations in the required studies, and, in most cases, in the electives, the time of examination is left almost entirely free to the Seniors. The majority have not more than two examinations, and beside this have no other College appointments except Chapel. Excuse from Chapel during the month of June is the only feature lacking in the Wellesley Senior vacation. Such an excuse would add a great many hours of time to the vacation, for the work of the Seniors at the College is practically done, and, as most of them live outside College Hall, the time spent for Chapel alone becomes an important item.

A PROTEST.

If my friend, self-styled "one of the dull girls," will only deflect for a moment the path of her broom as she sweeps us all aside as intellectual idol-worshippers, I should like to find undisturbed standing-room and protest.

We undoubtedly admire, and rightly, I think, the intellectual ability which makes itself felt in class-room and society; but it does not seem to me that this takes precedence of our hearty respect for the fine traits of character and gracious, tactful manners that help to make our college life strong and sweet. We demand all three — fine character, pleasing manners, and a clear head in those whom we delight to honor. During all the time I have been at Wellesley — and that is more than one year — I have never once heard unkind criticism of a dull girl as such. If sometimes the brilliant student is selfishly thoughtless and allows herself to appear bored by a rambling recitation

on the part of a classmate, that does not prove that her unkindness is begotten of the worship of intellect. Undoubtedly she herself is quick to reach the point and finds it tiresome to stand in mental harmonic poise while awaiting the laggard.

I also am a sufferer in dullness, but I enjoy the superior work of a classmate with the same sort of satisfaction that I find in studying a beautiful painting, in spite of my powerlessness to reproduce it. There often follows in the wake of this pleasure an impulse to speak of it to another in commendation of the one who has caused it. Perchance this praise reaches the ear of one less favored with brain-power; she is not in the least discredited thereby, unless, by comparison between herself and the winner of praise, she makes herself unhappy. I could give a dozen illustrations from the everyday present to prove that the earnest "dull girl" stands high and often surpasses a more talented but less energetic student in the estimation of both teachers and classmates.

Not seldom it is one of the charmed circle of "bright girls" who treats us, out of sheer laziness, to a pointless recitation. No star, however brilliant, can remain a fixed luminary without the continuous expenditure of a good deal of energy. Nor can a lesser light do herself justice and win the attention of respect, if in vanity she sighs dependently for the glory-bringing gifts of another, instead of doing her bravest to develop, notwithstanding lesser rewards, her own inherent power of shining. One thing we need none of us do:— add to the burdens of "moderate capacity" the charge of sins rightly to be laid at the door of heedlessness.

The trouble with many of us is, I think, too much of self — self-dissection; self-absorption, involving thoughtlessness of others' feelings; self-depreciation, leading the plodder to bury as worthless her one talent; or, last and worst, oversensitiveness in regard to what others may think and say. Let us, "the dull girls," in this our social opportunity for great-hearted generosity, stand clear of this quintessence of selfishness, and "learn with whatsoever things we have, therewith to be content."

A Star of the Twentieth Magnitude.

DE ENEMY.

As Ol' Uncle Told It.

It was a hot July day. The grass was parched and brown; the leaves seemed crinkled with the heat. Only the locusts' shrill, incessant song broke the afternoon stillness. In the field, across the long meadow, were the negroes, working in the corn. Around the dusty pike slowly went a clumsy ox-cart.

Clarence yawned, and turned himself out of the hammock. It was too hot to read, too hot to sleep. The air even under the big elm tree was oppressive. From the dairy he heard the splash, splash of Betty's churn, and the voice of Aunt Dinah, "You, chil', git out ob de road! Why can't yah keep from undah my feet; A crawlin' 'round, an' agittin' in de way. Clar out!"

Then he heard the mischievous snicker of the small pickaninnies, as they scrambled out of reach of Mammy's broom. Clarence lazily pulled himself together, and loitered out under the shady pear trees, through the orchard and across to the cornfield.

There all the darkies were hoeing and resting by turns. "Ol' Uncle's" hoe kept time to his cracked tune,

"Massah's runned 'way,
Darkie's stayed to home,
An' it—."

Then a long pause as he stopped to mop his shining forehead.

"mus' be now the kin'dom
Is a comin' an' de yeah ob jubilee."

"Dat you, chil'; Law's a massy, you's like yoah fathah! You gits moah like Marse Chawlie ebry day. What you say? You want me ter tell you 'bout yoah fathah, like as I said I's gwine ter, some dese heah days? Want ter heah um now? Law's sake, chil', dis heah niggah's got ter wuck. Dis heah coahn neber git hoed, 'less ol' uncle do de hoein.' Go 'long now, and let ol' uncle 'lone an' some des days — What you say? Dat's jis de way yoah fathah done do wid dis heah niggah. I says, 'No, Marse Chawlie, I's got to wuck or Massah he git mad.' Den Marse Chawlie he look so kindah scowlin' like, an' kindah laughin' like, an' he say, 'Let Massah git mad. He won't

do nothin', nohow. I tell him you's a good ol' niggah.' Den I gits up, an' jis go do de bery ding I don' said I want goin' ter do. An' dat's jis' de way you lead me inter now. Stop, chil', don' you take dat ar hoe outah my hans. Well, long's I got to tell yoah 'bout it, whaw you want me ter sit? Undah the sycamoah tree? Dat's whar we used ter sit in de evenin's, aftah Missus died an' all de niggahs wus so sorrowful an' still-like.

"Dat war jis foah Marse Chawlie went 'way. Him an' me used tah hab de bes' ol' times, a huntin' in de wintah an' a fishin' in de summah. He wus so jolly-like, an' neber got a ding but he come out to de cabins an' he say, 'Mose, heah somethin' fuh us.'

"De night Missus died he come out heah an' he hollared out, 'Mammy, whah's Mose?' an' den he jis fall on my ol' black neck, an' a cryin' an' a sobbin', an' I couldn' say nothin.'

"Aftah Missus wus put in de groun', Massah he sen' Marse Chawlie 'way ter school. Poah chil', he didn' want ter go, an' he wus so sad an' doleful when he pack up his duds. An' de night 'foah he goed, he come out heah an' said, 'Mose, you an' me bin good ol' frien's, an' we neber hab no fightin' an' no scufflin'. It's all 'cause you's a good ol' niggah. Mose, I's gwine ter be dutiful. I's gwine ter study an' ter learn, an' when I come home 'gin I kin learn you, Mose.'

"De nex' mornin' he goed, an' I follared him, on de ol' white mare, far's Massah 'low'd me. Den I come home, an' in de day-times I wuck in de fiel's, an' in de evenins I gits out Mars Chawlie's ol' primer an' he ol' slate, an' I think, Marse Chawlie he learnin', an' ol' black Mose he learnin' too.

"One day de niggahs wus all oxcited 'bout de news frum town. De wah done broke out, an' dey wanted moah men ter fight, an' some de niggahs, dey runned 'way an' 'listed. An' den Marse Chawlie he write home dat he want ter list, an' Massah he write back, 'No, chile, you be all I's got in dis heah worl' an' I can't spar you.'

"Den de fighten gits wurs an' wurs, an' mos ebry day de solyahs, dey come ridin' an' a marchin' by. An' one night dey come in an' steal nigh on ter ebry hoas on de place, 'cept old white mah.

"Den de govahment call fur moah men an' Massah he sen's fur Marse Chawlie an' say, he couldn't 'list heself, 'cause he so ol', but he could give he only son to de cause. So Marse Chawlie come home fer a night, an' den he rides 'way wid de regimen' lookin' so handsome an' brave.

"All de niggahs dey feel so sorry fuh Massah, 'cause he don' say nothin', only he gits so still-like an' sad, an' go rigulah ebry day to de town fuh de news of de Fifth. Dat were de name of de regimen Marse Chawlie fit in. Marse Chawlie he writes home fuh nigh on ter nine month, an den sudden' we don' git no moah woad frum him. Den Massah gits sick wid de grief an' de sufferin', an he stay in his room mos de time, day an' night, an' won' hab no pusson ter wait on him side ol' black niggah Mose.

"One day we hears Marse Chawlie got wounded in de side wid a big cannon ball, an wus took ter a Noahthern's house. Dat made ol' Massah red-hot mad, an' he sen's woad fer him to come home. But dey writes dat Marse Chawlie war too sick to come, an' dat dey war bein' mighty kin' an' a nvsin' him.

"'Bout dat time de fighten' stopped, an' de Proglemation wus read, an' de niggahs war set free. Ol' Massah he been so good, de ol' niggahs beg fer to stay; but mos' de young uns dey goes off, an' de plantation wus mighty lonesome-like.

"Aftah while Marse Chawlie git well nuff ter come home, an' Massah he war so happy, like as he used ter be foah Missus died. Massah he say: 'Mose, you take de old white mah, an' go down ter Hamden ter meet dat ar sick boy. I 'low he be jumpin' glad ter see you."

"De way dat ar ol' mah trabel! I gis nigh on ter ebry bone in hah ol' body wus soah fer moah 'an a yeah!

"When I seed Marse Chawlie I hawdly knowd him; he war so white an' peeked, an' his eyes looked big an' sad-like. An' he war so still all de way goin' home. He says, 'Mose, how's my fathah, an' how's you, Mose?' An' den he jis keep still. I knowd somethin' war de mattah, but I couldn' caculate jis what.

"He war de same way when he gits home. He goed 'bout de place, an' axed 'bout de hoahses de solyahs tooked, an' talk to Massah 'bout freein' ob de niggahs, an' the lookout ob de nation; but he

jist done dat ah way all de time ter keep Massah's spirits up.

" Ol' Massah he war chipper as cricket. He follah Marse Chawlie roun', a watchin' him so fond-like an' talkin' ter him. Peared like he didn't keer 'bout de loosin' ob de hoahses, an' de niggahs all gone an' de money bein' scarce.

" But Marse Chawlie he act mighty strange-like continual. When he war 'lone he keep his han' ober he breast pocket mos' de time, an' once I axed him ef he got a sufferin' dah. An' he laughed an' said kindah jokin' an' kindah sad-like, ' Sometimes, Mose, a bad sufferin'.' An' once when he war walkin' long by de rose trees, jus' at dusk, I seed him a lookin' at somethin' in his han', an' a smilin' at it. An' when he seed me he put it 'way quick, but I seed it war a picsuah ob a lady, an' den I knowd he war in lub, my little chil', Marse Chawlie, he war in lub.

" Purty soon ol' Massah he seed somethin' war de mattah wid Marse Chawlie, an' I heard him ax him one day ef he feel sick, an' Marse Chawlie say No, he gis not, he be all right purty soon.

" One night I war sittin' out by de cabin, thinkin' 'bout de ol' times an' a wonderin' whah all de niggahs wus.

" Ebery ding was still as dead possom, an' de big moon she stan' right obah de pine trees lookin' down like as she wus watchin' an' takin' care ob us all. Sudden I hear someding, an' I looks roun' an' dah be Marse Chawlie standin' side o' me, lookin' so calm, an' a sayin, ' Mose, I come out ter tell yoah I's gwin' 'way soon, an' when I come back ma' be I bring some pusson wid me.' I couldn't say nothin' 'cep', ' Marse Chawlie, dis heah niggah be mighty glad ef you do, Marse Chawlie.'

" Peared like she wus a Noathahnah, an' war good ter him when he got de cannon ball in he side, an' he lubbed her, but she was de enemy an' he couldn' marry her. Den he say he won' lub her an' he won' marry her, but he don seed he couldn' help he self 'cause she wus so good an' beautiful.

" An' he tol' Massah. Massah say mighty spunky-like Marse Chawlie *could* marry her, ef he mind ter, but he neber hab nothin' ter do wid her, ef she war Northahner, she war his enemy.

" Seemed like as it goed mighty hard wid Marse Chawlie when Massah talk like dat 'bout de lady he lubbed, but he couldn' help it, an' so he wen' 'way to git her.

" He sen' me woad 'bout de time ob his return, but ol' Massah he didn't know nothin' 'bout de time, an' me an' Dinah, (Dinah an' me'd been married 'bout month — Dinah wus a purty niggah when she were young,) me an' Dinah we kept ebery ding still, but we make de ol' place look more festive. Dinah she gits out all ol' Missus bes' tidies an' puts on de parlah chaihs, an' sets out de silbah plate on de big sideboard. An' I wen' ter meet Marse Chawlie an' young Missus wid de ol' coach. Load Massy ! but de ol' white mah look lonesome-like, hitch all by hersel' ter de coach.

" Dey wus waitin' at Hamden fer me, an' gracious ! chil', when I seed yoah mothah I jis sat an' guz at her; she war so beautiful, wid her cheeks like Massah bes' peaches, an' her big eyes as dark as de grapes on de vine, an' her hair like de silk in de sugah-corn.

" I jump down ter open de coach an' bow low ter her an' Marse Chawlie, but Marse Chawlie he say, ' Louise, dis am my Mose,' an' she say, wid her voice like de little swallows in de meddar, ' Is dat Mose? ' An' she took dis old black niggah's han' in her little white one, an' she say, ' Mose, we mus' be good frien's, 'cause I knowd of you long 'go from Marse Chawlie.' An' I say, ' Yes, Missus,' an' made a scrapin' bow, wid my beavah hat hel' out in my han.'

" When we got to de plantation, an' Marse Chawlie help Missus out, he look at me like as ter say, ' Whah's Massah? ' He war no whah ter be foun', so dey wen' in ter de suppah.

" I war a waitin' on de table, an' Missus she sittin' like a queen, pourin' out Marse Chawlie's coffee, an' Marse Chawlie he sittin' opposite her, lookin' so proud an' happy, when sudden Massah he come in.

" He jis stan' thar an' look at her an' neber say a woad. Den she gits up an' goes an' puts her little han' on his arm, an' says wid her singin' voice, ' Aint you goin' ter welcome me, fathah? '

An' he look at her a minute, an' den he jis break down cryin' an' sobbin'. 'Peared like she

war de livin' image ob his dead sistah, Miss Marg'ret. He lubbed her powerful much, an' when she died he like ter break his heart. An' young Missus, she jis like her, so tall an' lubly.

"He couldn' git his voice fur moah an' ten minute, she a standin' thar side o' hin, wid one han' on his arm on' thothah on his shouldah. Den he say wid his sobs, 'De Load bless yer, my chil'!'

"Den dey war all a cryin' an' a weepin' an' hab a rigulah lub feast right dah. An' when Dinah come in wid de hot corn-cakes, an' seed ol' Massah settin' by young Missus an' lookin' so happy, hah eyes like ter pop outer hah head.

"An' young Missus she war always so kin' to de niggahs, an' devoted ter Massah, an' like an angel hos' to Marse Chawlie, an' she—. Shaw, chil' you know moah 'bout you mothah an' dis heah ol' black niggah can tell yer.

"Laws Massy! dah come Marse Chawlie, riden' frum de town! Mus' be nigh on ter night time, an' dis niggah ain' done hoen no moah dan two row ob dat ah corn. Git 'long chil', an' I git nothah row picked at foah Marse Chawlie git heah!"

And Mose took up the idle hoe, and went lazily down the row singing,

"An' I lubbed Miss Dinah well,
An' I lubbed Miss Dinah well,
Miss Dinah she's a purty yellow gal,
An' I lubbed Miss Dinah well."

Adelaide Miller, '94.

CONSECUTIVE HOURS FOR WORK.

It is generally conceded that the average Wellesley student could accomplish more work and more effective work, if she had a larger amount of time at her disposal. A day sixteen hours long is all too short for the accomplishment of the work we would do, and "Tempus fugit" is the maxim which haunts our sub-consciousness. The experience is not confined to student-life. If our 'penny of observation' is worth anything, it is the problem with which every working man or woman is constantly grappling. In the present day, it is, especially for women, almost impossible to fit all the required work of various kinds into the days, weeks and years. Still we shall hardly find a time when the problem will press upon us more than it does now in our college-life. The conditions of student-life which require absolute punctuality make the importance of the hour and half-hour felt more forcibly than it is likely to be felt in any experience hereafter. It is not probable that the majority of women, after leaving college, will be placed in such circumstances that the necessity of answering an important letter or doing some unexpected duty can disarrange the progress of work so materially as it can in student-life. At least, there is not likely to be such constant consciousness of the pressure of work and impending engagements.

Given, then, this constant consciousness of the work that is to be done and sixteen hours in which to do it. Do we use these hours to the very best advantage? It seems to many of us—doubtless to all of us—that we do not. Yet we are far from knowing how to remedy the difficulty.

It is the object of this discussion to make a plea for consecutive hours of recitation and, consequently, consecutive hours of study. It is admitted on every side that consecutive hours of study give the most satisfactory results. Most of the work on papers, 'special topics' and other specially hard work is at present accomplished on Saturday afternoons and Mondays. All students feel the necessity of uninterrupted time for their hardest work. It seems only necessary then to show that consecutive hours of recitation would be an equally great advantage.

Half of the 'wear and tear' incident to our college-life comes from the constant necessity of 'making connections.' At the beginning of this year, the schedule of a Freshman who had a room at Stone Hall was something as follows. In the morning she would come to prayers at the Chapel. Her recitations for an average day were arranged in this way: 9.50 Mathematics, 11.45 Latin, 3.10 Greek—varied during the course of the week by some minor work. Presumably she would wait until four o'clock to take exercise of some kind. Two periods in the morning would probably be devoted to study—such study as could be done in some corner of College Hall or in the library. Several minutes would be spent in finding a lexicon or some other book. Also each of these detatched forty-five minute periods she would be constantly

expecting to hear the bell ring for the next recitation.

These are not favorable circumstances for quiet, scholarly study. And yet if one should use these bits of time for exercise, it must be with watch in hand so that they may not be late for the next appointment. There must necessarily be a great deal of nervous strain in connection with such a method of work. It is almost as if we were continually attempting to catch trains—planning to just get on in time without wasting any time in the station waiting. Under such circumstances it is a hard matter to cultivate that inner poise which is the only antidote for nervous strain.

It is urged by many that it would be more of a strain upon the students to have three or four consecutive hours for recitation. That is open to question. If a student feels that a recitation is the place where, and the time when the professor or instructor devotes her efforts to finding out what the student does not know, and that the student's chief effort should be to manifest her own knowledge or conceal her ignorance, it *is* a strain upon her. Also, it must be admitted that it is hard to keep one's attention closely concentrated upon different lines of work for three or four hours in succession. Still, if, at the end of that time, one can throw herself unreservedly into some form of physical exercise, it is doubtful whether the nervous strain is half so great as it is when the same work and the same sport is taken in bits here and there. And everyone must admit that the work which can be accomplished in the three or four consecutive periods that are left, is worth more and less wearing, because it can be done in quiet and leisure without any haunting feeling that the bell will ring in a few minutes.

Furthermore, must we not admit that our present method of reserving periods for study before each recitation savors rather strongly of the grammar school? Is there not a tendency toward the study of *lessons* in Latin, Greek, Science and History, rather than the study of Latin, Greek, Science and History? It would seem that in college we should begin to take larger views of the ends of study, and drop the methods which were in elementary education, even at the very beginning of the college course.

It is only fair to consider for a little, just how this method will work in the life for which college-life is mainly preparatory. To many it may seem that the method of work which makes the careful use of detatched hours and half-hours necessary is better preparation for practical living. Most women have only 'spare hours' here and there in which to accomplish most of their work. The habit of concentrating the mind for short periods, then, is invaluable for women.

Do we, however, obtain that? Do we not rather cultivate the habit of working nervously—a habit which most women do not need to acquire? We may be able to concentrate our attention quite closely and be able also to do tolerably good work in a short period, but there is always, along with the working power, a haunting sense that there is something else to be done very soon. Such a frame of mind is not conducive to the best results in work.

If education is an end in itself, it may be well for girls to learn how to study in 'spare hours' to the very best advantage. If education is primarily a training for the art of living, it would be better for American girls to learn one thing at a time and to do that one thing well.

On the whole, then, it would seem that such an arrangement of schedules of recitations as would give consecutive hours of recitation to all classes—it would doubtless be possible now in Junior and Senior work—would be a great advantage to the average Wellesley student.

Helen A. Pierce, '91.

"EXCEPT THESE BONDS."

They tell of one who, blind, and deaf, and dumb,
Still knew God's language, and His beauty saw,
To whom the world was light, though all was dark,
For from the gloom shone Love's eternal law.

What matter though *our* days are passed in toil,
To reach the heights,—our neighbors' starting-place?
May ne'er that radiant vision on *us* dawn?
"We shall be changed," for we shall "see His face."

F. D., '91.

THE Catholic University at Washington has received a gift of $400,000 in real estate from the Rev. James McMahon, of New York.

HEART-STRINGS.

My heart's a lute of many strings,
  On which unthinking hands harsh chords make sound;
Mistrust doth mar its perfect notes,
  Hate throbs near love, while pain next joy is found.

It thrills with longing, wails with wrong,
  Despair and hope fight o'er it for control;
Oft melodies or wild, sweet songs
  Break past restraint like waves that shore-ward roll.

O, maiden, with the gold-brown hair,
  O, maid, for whom my heart forever longs,
Though minor strains wait tremulous,
  Thou hast the power to stay my saddest songs.

Whene'er my heart with grief doth moan,
  Lay thy sweet face against the quiv'ring strings,
Then, though I strike with reckless hand,
  The notes of pain are dumb, love only sings.

Flora A. Hall, '91.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

On Sunday, May 10, A. H. Bradford, of Montclair, preached in the Chapel, taking his text from Psalms 46: 2, "Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea."

* * *

Prof. Hill gave the last of the course of lectures on the music of the Ancients, Friday afternoon, May 8th. The subject was a continuation of the music of the Greeks. Their earliest songs were of a plaintive character without harmonies, and the melody being little more than a slight modulation and inflection of the voice. Afterward came the *paræns* which at first were sung only to Apollo and Diana, but later were addressed to other gods and goddesses as songs of praise. Marriage hymns and dirges were introduced and songs at the close of meals; and in the time of Pisistratus parts of the Iliad and Odyssey were chanted or recited at the Panathenara and Dionysian games. The term *chorus* was originally applied to the dance and dancers, but later came to mean the band of singers. Those which sang the dithyramb were called circular choruses, because they danced in a circle around the altar. In the choruses of Bacchus originated the Greek drama. Music and poetry were always very closely allied. Instruments were at first used merely to give the pitch, and the poem was sung without accompaniment. Of many of their instruments we have only the names, without any definite knowledge as to their character. The lyre and flute were used very early and always played an important part; some instruments were used only on certain occasions. Performers on wind instruments wore leathern bandages over their faces, in order that the pressure on their cheeks might not be too great, since quantity of tone was quite as important as quality. Castinets and various kinds of harps were used, also instruments similar in construction to the organ of the present day. Prof. Hill then spoke briefly of the music of the Romans. While in Greece music was considered a part of the education of every youth, in Rome it was cultivated merely for amusement. Only such music as might be used in battle or would contribute to the splendor of their triumphal processions, was studied. They had Greek slaves to sing and play for their entertainment. They really contributed nothing toward the music of to-day.

* * *

On Saturday afternoon, May 9th, Prof. John Graham Brooks, of Boston University lectured in the Chapel to an interested audience upon the socialism of Carl Marx. Socialism, according to Prof. Brook's definition, is a system in which the government is to receive and administer for the benefit of society at large, all rents for houses and land, all interest on money and all the increased value which the increase in population gives to property of any kind. Carl Marx's fundamental proposition is: "Labor produces all the wealth of the world; therefore labor should own this wealth." The question immediately arises, "What is labor?" There have been three systems of disposing of the products of labor. First, the village market, where neighbors meet to buy and sell. Here there is no question but that labor produces all the values exchanged. In this state, money might be very easily dispensed with. Next comes the city market of the middle ages, and last the great world market of today. Dimly indicated in the city market, and clearly revealed in the world market, is another wealth-producing factor besides labor. When land lying near a city doubles or trebles its price in a few years, plainly something besides the labor put upon it has brought about this rise in value. Society has done it, says the socialist, and society should receive the benefit. On the same principle, socialists think society should receive the profits from the water supply of cities, from lighting and draining cities, from street car systems and even from saloons. The idea of making saloons a part of the municipal system is rather startling, but Prof. Brooks paused to remark incidentally that it worked well. Under such a system the barkeeper does not make a cent on any liquor he sells; hence he naturally provides temperance drinks and wholesome food which he is allowed to sell at his own profit. The substitution of the world market for the village market has brought about an important

change in the light in which interest on money is viewed. Formerly it was thought, that, as money could in no sense be said to produce anything, it was unjust to charge for its use; hence the Biblical denunciations against usury. In the world market, however, it was found that by the possession of ready money at a given time, a man might be able to win large profits for himself. Whether this kind of speculation is right or wrong is beside the question; the possession of money may greatly benefit a man, and it is only fair he should pay for this use. One of the weakest points of Marx's socialism is, that he takes no account of this real value of money, but denounces all interest as unjust and harmful.

* * *

Great as were the anticipations of the College in regard to the Glee and Banjo Concert they were not equal to the real pleasure felt by all who heard it on Monday evening, May 11. Enthusiasm always runs high at Wellesley in the case of home-talent, but not even last year at the first appearance of the clubs was Wellesley more enthusiastic; and in the warm appreciation manifested, the Glee and Banjo Clubs met with some slight reward for their faithful practice and untiring efforts. The programme was opened with the familiar strains of "All Hail to the College Beautiful," and it was not necessary for the Club to sing more than once before it was perfectly apparent that their work was more artistic and finished, and their standard higher than ever before. In response to a hearty encore, the Club sang the Waban boat-song, "Lake of Grey at Dawn of Day" and the presentation of a large bunch of pink and white roses showed that the audience fully appreciated the graceful rendering of a favorite song. The rollicking song of Dinah Doe was a familiar one, which lost none of its fascination upon further acquaintance, but proved irresistible, involuntarily making one's head nod to its racy time. The demands of the audience not yet being satisfied, Miss Pullen sang expressively as an encore "You'll be an Angel by and by." the music of which was harmonized by one of the members of the Club. After "Sweet and Low," an example of close and beautiful harmony, and well-contrasted light and shade, the fourteen members of the Banjo Club took their places upon the platform, amid eager and enthusiastic applause, and their first selection proved beyond a doubt the excellent training of the Club. Their tone was round and full, and they played with a great deal of expression. At the close they were given some beautiful red roses, and were called upon to respond to an extremely urgent encore; for which they played a medley of negro melodies arranged by Mr. Bemis. Miss Foss has a full rich voice, and her solo sung under the inspiration of an enthusiastic audience was extremely pleasing. The amusing song "Humpty Dumpty" called forth the Wellesley cheer as an encore, which struck a sympathetic chord in the heart of every Wellesley girl. After this, Miss Frost, at the wish of her friends, sang the ever-welcome song, "Celeste." Neidlinger's exquisite "Serenade" was sung by Miss Barker with great sympathy and delicacy. It was a song well-suited to the sweetness and flexibility of her voice. The other songs, especially "The Bobolink Song" were skilfully and accurately sung. All the numbers of the Banjo Club were well-mastered and most enjoyable. The Clubs are to be congratulated in every way for their success, for the energy of their leaders, and the hearty and efficient assistance of Prof. Hill. As we heard once more the popular Wellesley medley, we realized with regret that the second Glee Club concert was over.

PART I.

1. All Hail to the College Beautiful, Wellesley Songs.
2. Dinah Doe, Molloy.
3. Sweet and Low, Ritter.
4. On the Road, Babb.

Banjo Club.

5. Barcarolle—"Fidelin" Brahms.
6. Lovely Angeline, Princeton Songs.

Miss Foss and Club.

7. Waltz Song—"Ebb and Flow," King.

PART II.

1. Ideal March, Harris

Banjo Club.

2. Humpty Dumpty, Caldicott.
3. Serenade, Neidlinger.

Miss Barker.

4. The Bobolink Song, Emery.
5. Evening Thoughts, Lansing.

Banjo Club.

6. Blue Bells of Scotland, Arr. by Schilling.
7. Medley, Wellesley Songs.

* * *

The program of the Art Society held Saturday evening, May 9, was as follows:

1. American Art, Its opportunities, M. J. Emerson.
2. Paper on five American Artists, George Fuller, Gilbert Ituwait, Elihu Vedder, C. S. Reinhart, F. D. Millet.
3. Song, "Heidenröslein," Miss Sheldon, Miss Maut.
4. Comparison of a French and an American Artist, H. Myrick.
5. The Wellesley College Art School, Miss Maut.
6. A talk on the pictures by American artists in our own collection, Miss Morse.

COLLEGE NOTES.

BULLETIN.

Sunday morning, May 17.—Service in the Chapel led by Dr. Willis Beecher, of Auburn, New York.

Sunday evening, May 17.—Union Prayer Meeting of the Senior Class, addressed by Miss Scudder.

Monday evening, May 18.—Concert in the Chapel by Miss Mary E. O'Brion, of the School of Music.

Saturday evening, May 23.—Regular Meeting of Zeta Alpha.

Sunday morning, May 24.—Service in the Chapel led by Dr. E. W. Donald, of New York.

Sunday evening, May 24.—Senior Vesper Service in the Chapel.

News comes from President Shafer that she will reach Wellesley, if possible, early in June, and expects to be with her class of '91 when they graduate.

A correction must be made in regard to an item in the PRELUDE of April 25. There the name of Miss Hartwell, '93, was given in the list of those who had recently joined the Art Society. Miss Hartwell, however, is not a member of the society.

Miss May Estelle Cook, '89, has returned to College to pursue courses in graduate study for the rest of the year.

Mrs. Mary Jenks Page, '88, spent last Sunday in the village with Miss Lillian Barnes, '91. Miss Rose Sears and Miss Ida Wallace, '90, were at the Eliot.

Prof. Morgan addressed the Seniors at their union prayer-meeting last Sunday evening. Her subject was "The Hungers of Life."

Mr. Henry W. Raukin, of New York, principal of the boys' school at Northfield, visited the College last Saturday and led Chapel service in the morning.

To the great disappointment of the whole College, Dr. Lyman Abbott was prevented from addressing them on Wednesday evening of last week, as he had intended. He was called suddenly to New York by the death of Mr. Valentine, his friend and partner in the CHRISTIAN UNION.

Prayers at Norumbega were conducted by Dr. Bradford, of Montclair, N. J, on last Monday morning, and Freeman was invited to join with Norumbega in the service.

At a meeting held Wednesday evening, May 6, Phi Sigma elected the following officers for next year:—President, Miss Ada Woolfolk, '91; Vice-President, Miss Emma McAlarney, '92; Recording Secretary, Miss Geraldine Longley, '92; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Edith White, '93; Treasurer, Miss Lillian Crawford, '92; Marshals, Miss Mary Dillingham, '93, Miss Caroline Frear, '93.

Last Monday afternoon Mrs. Roland G. Lincoln, who lectured recently at the College on "Tenement House Reform," invited the Political Economy Class to visit some of her tenements in Boston. She took them through three blocks of tenement houses in the North End, and explained her methods of work, illustrating to the class the points she had taken up in her lecture. The tenaments and the tenants were intensely interesting,and the visit was a revelation to the students.

The examination lists are posted. Examinations begin Monday, June 8, and extend to Thursday morning, June 18, the day of the Junior garden-party.

The over-burdened Juniors have had one burden taken off their backs,—the final examination in History. The announcement at last week's lecture that a thesis would be required of them instead of an examination, was greeted with hearty applause.

The '93 boat is at last finished and ready for use. It is white, and bears in gold letters on the stern the name "Lume d' Oro," which, it may be said for the benefit of the uninitiated, is Italian, and means "Light of the Gold."

Mrs. H. B. Goodwin, with her Bible class of ten young ladies, spent last Saturday afternoon at Wellesley. They were shown as much of Wellesley as was possible in a three hours visit, and were then entertained by Dr. Webster at Wood Cottage, where refreshments were served.

In order to facilitate the sale of the LEGENDAS the Editors have estimated the number to be purchased by the present members of the College. In due proportion to the number of books remaining, they have sent circulars to the Alumnæ and friends of the College, hoping in this way to secure the sale of the entire edition before Commencement.

The Fiske University Jubilee Singers, with Mrs. Shelton and Mr. Pardee, visited Wellesley on Friday afternoon of last week, at Miss Lord's invitation. They went through all the College buildings and were taken out on the lake, where they sang some of their negro songs across the water. Later they were persuaded to sing again at Norumbega where they dined with Mrs. Newman in the evening.

The Glee Club Concert, last Monday evening, was a grand success, both musically and financially. Over

$300 were made for the Chapel Fund Association. A magnificent bunch of Mermet and Bride roses was presented to the Glee Club by the Association, and as large a bunch of Jacqueminot and Bride roses to the Banjo Club, as a slight recognition of their courtesy and kindness.

There were many guests at the Glee Club Concert, and among them a number of former Wellesley students. Miss Anne Bosworth, president of the Glee Club last year, and Miss Lena Brown, of '90, Miss Dora Brown, '88, Miss Kate Hicks, '89, Miss Harriet Coburn, formerly of '92, and many others. Freeman and Simpson entertained their guests at informal tea before the concert. At Simpson the tea was served under the trees by the cottage.

The interest felt in Alaska has been taking form in various ways, and, little by little, the "Wellesley House" becomes a reality. The most original entertainment gotten up for Alaska's benefit is the Dime Museum of May 8, given in the gymnasium by the Freeman girls. "A Dime Museum for a nickel" sounds promising, and when announced by flaming posters, with a startling list of eleven prodigious attractions and attractive prodigies, no lovers of fun could resist. Over four hundred students—yes, and Faculty too—thronged the gymnasium between half past six and half past seven, on Friday evening, and, yielding willingly to the stentorian exhortations of the show-man, made generous use of their dimes, nickles and pennies. "Pobscot, the Indian dancer, the wonder of the world," was kept going at a merciless rate; the "Mary-Go-Round, the magnificent side-show for two cents," did not stop for an instant—though this, perhaps, was due partly to the fact that each individual admitted behind the curtain was made to take an oath that she would not divulge the secret; Sphinxa, the bodyless woman who answered any question ingenuity could devise, was continually surrounded by a crowd of admirers;—but Mojo, the trained elephant, was more fascinating than all. What did it matter that his eyes were apt to be shaken off at intervals? What did it matter that his front part showed a decided tendency to walk off by itself? Mojo, walking, dancing, or blowing a horn, was greeted with shouts of laughter and echoing applause. Unfortunately he could be on exhibition for the first quarter of an hour only, or suffocation must have been the fatal result. Prodigies, however, were by no means the only attraction. The celebrated Freeman ice-cream, made as Freeman's house-keeper alone knows how to make it, tasted more delicious than ever on that warm May evening; and not one piece of the home-made candy nor one single peanut was left to tell the tale. The band, too, was not forgotten, for what would a dime museum be without a band? Six combs, a tambourine, a pair of cymbals, a drum, a horn and a banjo constituted the band; and, notwithstanding the great variety of the instruments, they were blended into perfect harmony by the skill of the leader. Music of all kinds was presented in a truly artistic way, and even when the hour of half past seven had come and gone, the band was forced to keep on playing, that all might follow Pobscot's noble example and join in a dance. So the half-dime museum had ended, but not in vain. It had brought as much fun as could be squeezed into the hour, and as much money as could be squeezed out of the spectators. $80 had been cleared for Alaska. This, with the $107 already raised and the $150 subscribed by Dana Hall, leaves only $13 to be gotten before the "Wellesley House" may be built.

AULD ACQUAINTANCE.

All Wellesley girls who expect to be in New York or its vicinity next winter are requested to send their names and addresses to the secretary of the Wellesley Club of New York, Mrs. A. T. Van Laer, 58 West 57th St. before October, so that a notice of the October meeting can be sent to them.

On Saturday, April 25, the Wellesley Club of New York met at the home of Mrs. Amtoinette Carter Hughes, for a business meeting and afternoon tea. Sixty were present. The following officers were elected for 1891-'92, President, Edith H. Gregory, '86; Vice-President, Mary C. Mosman, '86; Secretary, Stella Stickney Van Laer(Mrs. A. T.—) '84; Treasurer, Martha H. MacFarland, '88; Executive Committee, Leila V. North, '81-'82; Mary A. Edwards, '89; Louise S. Fiske, '82-'84. After the transaction of business followed a social hour, enlivened by much conversation over cups of chocolate and by music from Mrs. Anita Trumbull Van Lennep, Miss Smeallie and Miss Annie Stephens.

Until the middle of June, the address of Miss Angie Lacey Peck, '90, will be Rhinecliff, N. Y.

The Post Office addresses of the following persons are wanted for the Record Association. Will any who know these addresses please send them at their earliest convenience to Miss Laura Jones, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

Wellington, Mary J. '82
Wheaton, Mabel, '82
Carl, Ella M. '83
Fuller, Mary A. H. '83
Gregory, Lydia J. '83
Whitney, Emma S. '83
Timmons, Gertrude

BORN.

At Des Moines, Iowa, April 27th, a daughter, to Mrs Angie Hatton Hume, '88.

MARRIED.

At Griffin, Ga., May 5, Clara George Ames, '83, to Dr. Walter Sumner Hayward.

DIED.

At Haverhill, Mass., May 4, very suddenly, George W. Mitchell, father of Miss Jane P. Mitchell, '89.

OUR EXCHANGES.

A Sketch.

The meadows
Full of mist,
Powdered with gold from the setting sun,—
The shadows,
Holding tryst
With the veiled moon now day is done,—
Blue gold,
On the river
Changed, to flow a trembling green,—
Willows old,
Trembling ever
As the night wind flies between,—
And ever across the unknown deeps
Of the broken sky, the sunlight creeps
To the west, and night the purple-eyed
Takes his bride
And the river sleeps.

Harvard Advocate,

INTER-COLLEGIATE NEWS.

Harvard's collection of meteorites is valued at $1,500,000.—*Ex.*

Johns Hopkins University has lately received a large sum of money from some friend whose name the trustees decline to give. This gift is to be added to the Woman's Medical School fund, which already amounts to $100,000.

The course in law at Columbia has been lengthened from two to three years.

The Cornell senior class selected Robert G. Ingersoll to deliver the annual address before the Law School, but the faculty have vetoed the choice.

Through the generosity of Professor Willard Fiske, of Florence, the library of Cornell University has just received the valuable and useful gift of three extensive collections of early Italian literature embracing in all three hundred and twenty-three volumes.—*Cornell Era.*

Seven colleges in the United States have graduated 1839 men who have held high political positions.—*Ex.*

Statistics just compiled by Dr. Seaver, the Yale physician, reveal some interesting facts concerning the use of tobacco in the class of '91:

In lung capacity the non-tobacco users have had an average increase which is 66 per cent. greater than that of the tobacco users. In height the increase has been 20 per cent., and in weight 22 per cent. greater among the non-users than among the users.—*Ex.*

On May 4, representatives from Harvard, Yale, Amherst, Williams, Dartmouth and Brown met in Boston for the purpose of considering the founding of a University Club. All were in favor of the proposed club. A temporary organization was formed and various working committees were appointed. The first committee was assigned the selection of fifteen of the leading college alumni in Boston and vicinity, who shall act as incorporators of the club and issue invitations to desirable college graduates to meet for organization. Membership is to be restricted to those holding the degree of B. A.

WABAN RIPPLES.

Wednesday evening—Freshman returns from the College:

Room-mate: "How did you like Dr. Abbott's personal appearance?"

Witty Freshman: "I think he lacked *presence!*"

The Answer of the Sphinx.

Sophomore: "How many Sophomores are going to flunk in S. C. S.?"

Sphinx: "How many Sophomores are there?"

The Name Fits.

He.

"Why not call it your 'Boating Day,'
'Lake Night' or 'Venice' romantically say?"

She.

"Because 'tis not boating as regards the boat,
'Tis the sport of *tubbing* that makes the 'Float.'"

The Freeman Cry.

The little Alaskan bride
For a mansion had pined and sighed.
So we got up a show
And made everyone go
And quickly her tears she dried.

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Had neither the talent nor time,
So through halls she roams
To seek other girls' poems,
And will pay for each one, half a dime.

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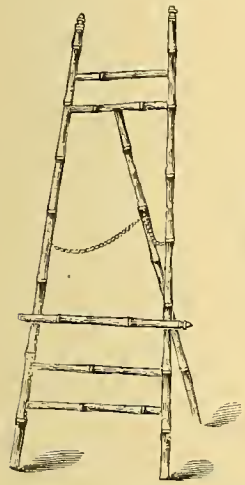

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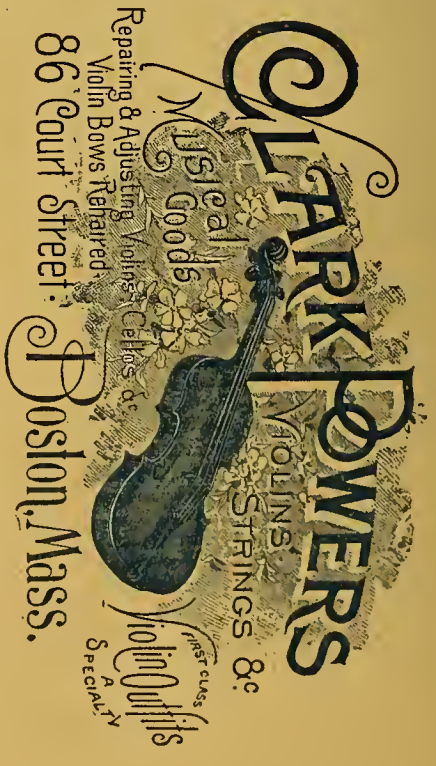

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